

# Holmes County Republican.

J. Caskey, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 11.

## Poetry.

### ALLEGORY OF NIAGARA.

An old gray man on a mountain top,  
He had daughters four and one,  
And a tall light blue of the lake bank,  
That glittered in the sun.  
He lived on the very highest top,  
For he was a hunter free,  
Where he could see, on the clearest day,  
Glimpses of the distant sea.  
"Come out! come out!" cried the youngest one;  
"Let us off to look at the sea!"  
And away they ran in their gay robes,  
And slipped and fell with glee.  
"Come, see! come, see! come, see!"  
Cried laughing little Bess;  
"Let us go to gather deep blue sea,  
Where the breakers foam and roar."  
And on they scampered by valley and wood,  
By earth and air and sky,  
Till they came to a steep where the bare rocks stood,  
In a precipitous height.  
"Toss!" cried Bess, "there's a dreadful leap!"  
But we are gone so far,  
That, if we think, and return to fear,  
Now he will cry "Toss!"  
Now, each was clad in a vesture light,  
That floated far behind,  
With muscled arms and water drops,  
And wings of playful wind.  
And down they plunged with a merry skip,  
Like birds that shake the rain;  
And "Toss!" they cried, "let us up and try,  
And down the steep again!"  
And up and down the daughters slipped,  
Like girls on a holiday,  
And laughed out right at the sport and foam  
They called Niagara.  
If you were a sight so rare,  
Where Nature's hand is free,  
Go, view the spot in the wild west,  
The head of the lake and free!  
But mark—these shapes are only seen  
In Nature's deepest play;  
But she plainly shows their wings and feet  
In the dancing sunny spray.

## Miscellaneous.

### PRAIRIE LIFE.

#### A Tale of Revenge.

Although much has been written on prairie life, many a wild adventure, and yet many a wild scene has been left undescribed. Poor Ruxton, who died at St. Louis, and whose highly entertaining and valuable work, "Scenes in the Far West," is enriched and many a story and scene which, no doubt, to the people of the East, seem like tales from the Arabian Nights. There is so much originality about the manner and habits of the trapper and frontiersman, that one is struck with their peculiar language or mode of addressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and marked a class as sailors, and have as many odd and quaint sayings.

It is generally the commission of crime, some disappointment in life, or a native love of adventure and sport, that makes these men desert the comforts of civilized society, for the wilds and haunts of the red man. We can imagine the terrible reaction which takes place when the storm of passion or wreck of disappointed hopes sweep over the sensitive soul, and leaves a desolation—a ruin of the former man. It is misfortune like these which scorch and dry up the finest feelings—some moral wrong or injustice committed by other toward them, in revenge which they have been compelled to leave their homes and become exiles in the far west.

A story is told of an extraordinary meeting, and an act of revenge said to have taken place many long years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four, who had been roving for many years in the west, all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene ensued. These men presented a striking contrast in feature. The youngest was delicately made, with long, light hair, and blue eyes; his exposure had given him a rich, brown complexion. He was of medium stature, and made for strength and agility. There was a dark void over his features, which told him that the light of hope had gone out. He was traveling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun leather at the bow of his saddle, when he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder and pistols in his belt, who was over six feet, and had a deep, wide scar on his right cheek. As day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head of the fork of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had camped, a man was seen reconnoitering them with a rifle in his hand, and, having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came moodily into the camp, and, after looking sternly at the two men, was asked by Scar Cheek to "come to the ground." He was a stout, muscular man, much older than the other two, with a deep, habitual scowl, long, black, matted hair, and very unprepossessing features. Some commonplace remarks were made, but no questions were asked by either party.

It was near twilight when the young man, who had gathered some buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, perceived a man approaching them on a mule; he came steadily and fearlessly on to the camp, and casting a look at the three, said, "Took ye for Indians?" then, glancing at the deer skin dress of the trio, he observed, "Old leathers—some time out, eh?" The man was about fifty years old, and his gray hairs contrasted strangely with his dark, bronzed features, upon which care and misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only half-clad by the miserable skins he wore; and, as he dismounted, Scar Cheek asked, "Where from?" "From the Kaw," (Kansas), he replied, throwing down a bundle of other skins. After unsaddling and staking out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and, taking his rifle looked at the priming and shaking the powder in the pan, he added a few more grains to it; then placing a piece of thin dry skin over it to keep it from the damp, he shut the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to notice them, while Scar Cheek became interested and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked towards his own rifle, and once or twice loosened the

pistols in his belt as if they incommoded him. The young and stout man with the scowl exchanged glances, but no word passed. So full no question had been asked as to who the other was; what little conversation passed was very laconic, not a smile wreathed the lip of any of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence each man seeming to be wrapped in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be divided equally among the four, each man standing on guard two hours—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and Scar Cheek and he with the scowl followed.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over that barren wild waste of prairie not a sound was heard as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper paced up and down, ran his eyes around the wild waste before him, and then would stop and mutter to himself, "It cannot be," he said half aloud, "but the time and that scar may have disguised him. That boy, too—his strange I feel drawn towards him; then that villain with the scowl," and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, while the moonbeams falling upon, disclosed traces of a by-gone refinement. The trapper noisily approached the sleeping men, and, kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each and scanned them deeply. Walking off, he muttered to himself again, saying—"It shall be," and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and woke him, pressing his fingers upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned him to follow. They walked off some distance, when the trapper, turning the young man by the shoulder, turned his face to the moonlight, and, after gazing at it wistfully, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented his reply by saying "Enough, enough." He then told him that he was his uncle, and that the man with the scar was the murderer of his father; and that he with the scowl had convicted him (the trapper) of forgery by his false oath. The blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets. He squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with a meaning glance, as he looked to his rifle, moved towards the camp. "No, no," said the old trapper, "not in cold blood; give them a chance." They cautiously returned to the camp and found both the men in a deep sleep. The uncle and nephew stood over them. Scar Cheek was breathing hard, when he suddenly cried out, "I did not murder Perry Ward!" "Liar," said the trapper, in a voice of thunder, and the two men started and leaped to their feet. "Red skin! what art thou?" asked them in a voice. "No, worse than red skins," said the trapper, "Harry Ward is about," and seizing his knife he plunged it in Scar Cheek's heart. "Then take that," said he with the scowl, and, raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse. With a bound and a wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and with his knife gave him several fatal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man had also received several bad cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood and soon after expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle avenged.

## Proclamation.

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF OHIO.

In conformity with a custom, sanctioned by Legislative Resolves, commended by the practice of my predecessors in the Executive office, and, in itself, highly becoming a Christian People, I, SALMON P. CHASE, Governor of the State of Ohio, do hereby designate and appoint

Thursday, the 20th day of November, of the current year, to be observed as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING TO ALMIGHTY GOD. Refraining, on that day, from the ordinary avocations of life, let us keep the feast with joyful hearts. Assembling in our respective places of public worship or gathering around our domestic altars, let us devoutly acknowledge God as the Gracious Author of every blessing and every benefit. Let us gratefully thank Him, especially, for our prosperity and for our security; for our Institutions of Education, Religion and Charity; for the products of our Agriculture and our Arts; for the intercourse of Commerce; for the preservation of Health; for Homes endearing by sweet family affections; for the Mercies of Redemption and for the Hopes of Immortality. Adoring the Divine Wisdom by which our Fathers were guided in establishing the foundations of a United Empire in North America, upon the solid basis of Civil and Religious Freedom, and the Divine Goodness by which the Institutions of Government which they founded have been transmitted to us, their children, let us give thanks for Liberty, guarded by Law, and defended by Union. Confessing, humbly, our unworthiness of these inestimable benefits, let us fervently invoke our Father in Heaven to continue them, graciously, to us and to our posterity forever. Nor let us forget, in rejoicings or in supplications, our fellow men less happy than ourselves. Of our abundance let us give liberally to those who need; nor let us fail to present, before the throne of Infinite Justice, our sincere prayers for the downfall of tyranny, for the deliverance of the oppressed, for the enfranchisement of the enslaved, and for the establishment, everywhere of Human Rights and Just Governments. Inaugurated by enjoyments and aspirations like these, we shall return, it may be hoped, to the ordinary pursuits of life, with hearts more than ever engaged to the performance of every private and every public duty, and more than ever devoted to the advancement of the best interests of our State, our Country and our Race.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State of Ohio, at Columbus, this 29th day of October, A. D. 1856.

By the Governor: S. P. CHASE.  
J. H. BAKER, Sec'y of State.

I have always observed this, that the people of the world never speak well of it at parting.—Savage.

## THE PEARL MERCHANT.

It was a beautiful evening in a little town on the shores of the Red Sea. The setting sun lightened up the city-houses, and the evening breeze fanned the turban and the long flowing robes of the people who had come to the shore to refresh themselves after the toils of the day. Just as the disk of the sun touched the horizon, they saw a long train of camels approaching. Men were riding on some of them in little carriages, or on richly embroidered saddles. Others carried on their backs large bundles, and the cloths thrown over them almost touching the ground. There were men walking beside the camels leading them, and a troupe of horsemen on their white Arab steeds were galloping round the train. It was a caravan.

The people were glad to see this sight; for this town was a noted place for pearls, and the people who were riding on the camels were coming to buy their pearls. So they invited the merchants to their houses, and the rest of the caravan went to the inn. There were no rooms there; it was simply a large empty shed. But they unloaded their camels and gave them their supper; and then they spread their own mats on the floor and lay down to sleep.

The next morning the little town was in a great commotion. Every one who had any pearls to sell took them to the market-place. There they sat down on the ground, spread their mats before them, and laid out their oyster shells upon the mats. For pearls, as you know, are found in oyster shells; and they would not open the shells, but sold them to the merchants as they were.

The merchants soon arrived, and then the business began. They went round to each seller and examined his shells. They took up one shell after another and held it up to the light, and tried to open it, and peep inside, and looked at the marks outside; and if they liked it, they sat down and bargained for it. And thus the work went on.

There was one among the merchants who made no purchases. He had been with the caravan; but throughout the whole journey he had spent nothing, and when they asked him what he would buy, he said that he was in search of a valuable pearl. This day he walked about from place to place, taking up a few shells occasionally, and putting them down again with a melancholy look.

At last he came to one man who was sitting among the rest. He took up one of his shells in his hand to look at it. As he looked at it his face brightened, till at length he clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes to heaven. He had found what he was searching for.

"What is the price of this shell?" he said to the owner.

"This shell," replied the owner, "is beyond all price. Nothing but esteem for those could induce me to part with it. But out of love to thee, I will let thee have it for two hundred talents."

"I will pay that sum," said the other.

The bystanders were astonished. They had never known such a sum given for a pearl shell before. But he was earnest; and witnesses were called to prevent any mistake.

That same day the merchant sold all his goods. All the jewels which he had brought for the purpose of his business, and all his beautiful clothes, and even his camel, were sold; so that nothing was left to him. In the evening he came back to the owner of the pearl and counted out the sum, and then, after carefully examining the shell, he took it away with him to the inn. All the town was in wonder; some said he was a magician, and others shook their heads, and said he was mad.

The caravan soon started on their journey home, and with them the poor merchant. He had no camel to ride, and hardly any food to eat. He was forced to walk all the way; and he would have perished with hunger if it had not been for the kindness of some of his fellow-travelers, who took pity upon him. He got many hard words, and many blows; but still he was cheerful and contented, for he could think of nothing but his pearl.

At length the caravan reached the great city where the king lived; and the merchants began to prepare the merchandise. But many of them were sadly disappointed. Some of them found that their shells, which they had carried all the way from the sea-coast, were empty. Others found that the pearls which, when they first came out of their shells, were pure white, had turned yellow, and were of little value.

But the merchant who had sold everything that he had to buy his pearl, came forth with joy from the trial. This pearl was pure white. There was not a spot upon it. It was perfectly round, and larger than any that had ever been seen. The despised merchant was now the first man in the city. He sold his pearl to the king for an immense sum, and became a rich man. Those who had ill-treated him were glad to beg his favor, and he did not forget those who had been kind to him. And for years afterwards the merchant and his valuable pearl were remembered and talked of.

We are all seeking for a pearl; and that pearl is happiness. Some seek it in riches. They give themselves no rest. They sit up late at night, and they rise up early in the morning, in order to get rich, and sometimes they succeed. But often riches take to themselves wings and fly away; and if not, they die and leave their riches. Their pearl shell is empty.

Others again seek their happiness in pleasure. They spend their whole life in amusement, and never look beyond the present day. But they soon get tired of their amusements, and then they try new ones, until they have gone through all the pleasures that the world can give, and then they find that they have nothing to look to. And when they get old they cannot enjoy their pleasures any more. Their pearl has lost its lustre.

But others seek their happiness in religion. They confess their sins and ask that they be forgiven for Christ's sake; and God hears their prayers. Then they have a peace which nothing in this world can give. They lie down at night with the

thought that their sins are pardoned; and though every day God fills their hearts with joy. Their riches cannot fly away; for they are laid up in heaven. Their happiness can never grow old; for the peace which Christ gives is not like that which the world gives. And when they die their happiness will not end.

After death its joys shall be,  
Lasting as eternity;  
Be the living God my friend,  
Then my bliss will never end.

This is the "pearl of great price," and who would not seek this happiness? who would not make it the first thing?

"For the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls; who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Matt. xiii. 45, 46.—*Christ's Companion.*

## Female Beauty.

"Dear Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to let every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and very productive."

"Fountainelle thus daintily compliments the sex, when he compares women and clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to make us forget them."

"The standards of beauty in woman vary with those of taste. Socrates calls beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theophrastus, a delightful prejudice; Carnades, a solitary kingdom; and Aristotle affirmed that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world."

"When the modern Greeks and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean complacency is the perfection of form in woman; and those very attributes which distinguish the western European, from the attractions of an oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of his countrywomen, that Rubens in his pictures depicts so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness; when his master was desirous to represent the beautiful, he had no idea of beauty under two hundred weight. His very Graces are all fat. But it should be remembered, that all his models were Dutch women. The hair is a beautiful ornament of women, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair an abomination; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired; and the Venetian ladies to this day counterfeit yellow hair."

"After all that may be said or sung about it, beauty is an undeniable fact, and its endowment not to be disparaged. Sydney Smith gives some good advice on the subject. 'Never teach fulsome morality. How exquisitely absurd to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use!—Beauty is of value—her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet; if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face, for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.'—*Solard for the Social.*

## An Indian Superstition.

Among the numerous lakes which in the Western States of the Union pay the tribute of their waters to the great Lake Ontario, that of Saratoga is principally remarkable for the beauty of the surrounding landscape and for the calm which reigns around it, ever undisturbed by winds and storms. This personal quietude of the beautiful locality has given rise to a superstitious belief among the Indians. They say that the Great Spirit, who dwells here, wishes not the slightest noise to ruffle the tranquility of his retreat, and will punish the rashness of the one who, in crossing the lake, should utter a single word; the boat he believed would be instantly sunk. Some time since an English lady embarked on Lake Saratoga, in a canoe manned by Indians, who did not fail, before starting, to give her to understand that if the desired to avoid exposing herself to certain death, she would have to observe profound silence until the other side should be reached.

They started, the day was delightful, calm, not a breath of air was stirring, and the canoe glided as noiselessly as a shadow over the scarcely rippled waters.

About a mile from the shore, the lady, wishing to convince the Indians of the folly of their superstition, uttered as loud a cry as she was able. Terror seized the Indians, their countenances were marked with its strongest lines—they fully expected to perish instantaneously. Nevertheless they plied their oars with mechanical energy in silence, and the opposite shore was reached almost with the rapidity of an arrow.

This reached, the fair Anglaise began to banter the Indian chief on their credulity. He, with a laughing, disdainful air, retorted: "Madam! The Great Spirit is indulgent and compassionate; he knows that a white woman cannot hold her tongue!"

THE HEIGHT OF AN OCEAN WAVE.—The last London Quarterly has a very interesting article, done up in its own best style, on the monster steamer now building on the banks of the Thames. We find it in the following:

"It was prophesied that Mr. Brunell's first ship, the *Great Western*, would be doubled up as she rested on the crest of the Atlantic waves; and we all know how the prophecy was fulfilled. When it was made, indeed, we were very much in the dark as to the size of the ocean waves, and it was not until the introduction of long steamers that they could be measured with any accuracy. Dr. Scoresby, while crossing the Atlantic, in one of the Cunard boats, says: 'I have since, closely observed the waves, and by means of the known length of the ship, was enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of their dimensions. The old vague account of their being mountains high was well known before that time to be in exaggeration; but we do not think even philosophers were prepared for the statement made by this observer, at a meeting some years since, of the British

Association, that they averaged no more than twenty feet in altitude, and rarely exceeded twenty-eight feet."

## Murder of Miss McCrea.

Washington Irving, in his third volume of the "Life of George Washington," thus narrates the incidents connected with the murder of Miss McCrea:

In General Fraser's division was a young officer, Lieutenant David Jones, an American loyalist. His family had their home in the vicinity of Fort Edward before the Revolution. A mutual attachment had taken place between the young and a beautiful girl, Jane McCrea. She was the daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, of the Jerseys, some time deceased, and resided with her brother, on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles below Fort Edward. The lovers were engaged to be married, when the breaking out of the war severed families and disturbed all the relations of life. The Joneses were loyalists; the brother of Miss McCrea was a staunch Whig. The former removed to Canada, where David Jones was among the most respectable of those who joined the royal standard, and received a lieutenant's commission.

The attachment between the lovers continued, and it is probably that a correspondence was kept up between them. Lieutenant Jones was now in Fraser's camp in his neighborhood. Miss McCrea was on a visit to a widow lady, Mrs. O'Neil, residing at Fort Edward. The approach of Burgoyne's army had spread an alarm throughout the country; the inhabitants were flying from their homes. The brother of Miss McCrea determined to remove to Albany, and sent for his sister to return home, and make ready to accompany him. She hesitated to obey. He sent a more urgent message, representing the danger of lingering near the fort, which must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Still she lingered. The lady with whom she was a guest was a royalist, friend of General Fraser; her roof would be respected. Even should Fort Edward be captured, what had Jane to fear? Her lover was in the British camp; the capture of the fort would re-unite them.

Her brother's messages now became peevish. She prepared, reluctantly, to obey, and was to embark in a large bateau, which was to convey several families down the river. The very morning when the embarkation was to take place the neighborhood was a scene of terror. A marauding party of Indians, sent out by Burgoyne, to annoy General Schuyler, were harassing the country. Several of them burst into the house of Mrs. O'Neil, sacked and plundered it, carried off her and Miss McCrea prisoners. In her fright the latter promised the savage a large reward if he would spare her life, and take her in safety to the British camp. It was a fatal promise. Halting at a spring, a quarrel arose among the savages, inflamed most probably with drink, as to whose prize she was, and who was entitled to the reward. The dispute became furious, and one, in a paroxysm of rage, killed her on the spot. He completed the savage act, by bearing off her scalp as a trophy.

General Burgoyne was struck with horror when he heard of this bloody deed. What at first heightened the atrocity of it, was a report that the Indians had been sent by Lieutenant Jones, to bring Miss McCrea to the camp. This he positively denied, and his denial was believed. Burgoyne summoned a council of the Indians chiefs, in which he insisted that the murderer of Miss McCrea should be given up to receive the reward of his crime. The culprit was a great warrior, a chief, and the wild honor of his brother sachems was roused in his behalf. St. Luc took Burgoyne aside, and entreated him not to push the matter to extremities; assuring him that from what was passing among the chiefs, he was sure they and their warriors would all abandon the army should the delinquent be executed. The British officers also interfered, representing the danger that might occur should the Indians return through Canada, with their savage resentments awakened, or, what was worse, should they go over to the Americans.

Burgoyne was thus reluctantly brought to spare the offender, but henceforth made it a rule that no party of Indians should be permitted to go forth on a foray unless under the command of a British officer, or some other competent person, who should be responsible for their behavior.

The mischief to the British cause, however, had been effected. The murder of Miss McCrea resounded throughout the land, counteracting all the benefit anticipated from the terror of Indian hostilities. Those people of the frontiers who had hitherto remained quiet, now flew to arms to defend their families and firesides. In their exasperation they looked beyond the savages to their employers. They abhorred an army which, professing to be civilized, could league itself with such barbarians, and they executed a government, which, pretending to reclaim them as subjects, could let loose such fiends to desolate their homes.

The blood of this unfortunate girl, therefore, was not shed in vain. Armies sprang up from it. Her name passed as a note of alarm along the banks of the Hudson; it was a rallying word among the Green Mountains of Vermont, and brought down all their hardy yeomanry.

AN IRISHMAN CANNED BY LEWIS D. CAMPBELL.—The Cincinnati Commercial has the following account of the canning of an intoxicated Irishman, at Hamilton, Ohio, on election day:

"Hon. Lewis D. Campbell canned an Irishman, on election day, at Hamilton, with considerable fury, putting him in the way of being among the 'sore headed' for some time. There are about twenty-five different stories concerning the affair. The Campbell version is that the son of the Emerald Isle was very drunk, and followed Campbell from place to place, abusing him in most villainous terms—that Campbell left the polls to keep out of his way, but being still followed up, hunted and persecuted in the extreme, fell upon his persecutor and canned him. The 'other side' is,

in brief, that the Irishman had been hired, for the sum of \$3 to vote for Campbell, and getting drunk on his unusual supply of cash, voted the 'whole democratic ticket,' and then took occasion to tell Campbell about it, and to taunt him, until he provoked the vengeance of the Butler Pony, who was fined \$50 for the satisfaction he had taken out of 'Erin go Bragh!'

## How Wolves Cajole and Capture Wild Horses.

Wherever several of the larger wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing to witness this ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little, on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful and caressing manner, rolling and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time the gang, squatting on their hind quarters, look on at a distance.

After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, and the other his tail, with a slyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting—it is in right good earnest; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the hamstrings or hanks of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous: both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one at the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round without attempting a defence. The wolf before, then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are cut, and in half the time I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. At this signal the lookers-on close in at a gallop; but the small fry of followers keep at a respectful distance until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

## Shocking Occurrence—Women Eaten by Wolves.

The *Dumfries (Canada) Reformer*, of October 15th, contains the following account of a shocking event which occurred in the township of Mornington, Canada:

Our pen has seldom had to record a more heart-rending circumstance than we are about to relate. Some ten days ago, in the northern extremity of the township of Mornington, two females went out in the evening in search of their cows, and not returning that night search was made in the morning, when sad to relate their skeletons were only to be found, their flesh having been completely devoured by the wolves. We are yet unable to record the particulars—the sad outlines only having as yet reached us. Our informant only states that a man in that locality has been missing for the last ten days. No trace of him can be found whatever, and fears are entertained that he met the same lamentable fate as the unfortunate women.

The wolves were never before known to be so numerous, or so ravenous as they are this season in this section of the country. It is regarded as unsafe to be alone in the public highways after dark. Reports are reaching us almost every week of some of their ravages through the country. Almost every person has been visited by them and mischief done to a greater or less extent.

A farmer in North Easthope, had thirty sheep killed in one single night by them. They drove them to the barn-yard and killed them there. A few nights previous they killed twelve belonging to the same man.

Bears are also numerous and remarkably saucy. A Mr. Bennett, of Mornington, was attacked a short time ago, in his own field, a little after dark, by an old bear with three cubs. He fought her off till some of the neighbors came to his relief. An immense one was killed in Mornington, a few days ago.

## Horrible Specimens of Humanity.

African travelers have spoken of a tribe of negroes, who possess that ornamental appendage so much admired by Lord Montbello, a tail; but their statements have never received credence. It appears, however, that a race of men with tails, really does exist in the interior of Africa. In a recent sitting of the Academie des Sciences, M. de Courcel, related that in 1842, he found in the service of a friend at Mexico, one of those wretches, the lowest assailable of mankind. The creature had an exterior prolongation of the vertebral column to the extent of three or four inches. He stated that he belonged to the tribe of the Ghibans, whose territory is situated far beyond the Senner, who are thirty or forty thousand in number, worship the sun, the moon, the stars, the serpent, and the sources of a great river, (supposed to be the Nile), to which they immolate victims. They eat plants, roots, fruit, and raw fish, and eat the bodies of their enemies, of all ages, and both sexes, whom they may slay in battle! They, however, prefer the flesh of women and children as more succulent.

They rarely exceed five feet in height, are ill proportioned, with long thin bodies, long arms, longer and flatter hands and feet than the rest of human kind, have the lower jaw large and long, and the forehead narrow and excessively retreating, the ears long and deformed, the eyes small, black, brilliant; the nose large and flat, the mouth large, the lips thick, the teeth strong and sharp, the hair woolly, but not abundant. The man examined by M. de Courcel, had been so long in slavery as to have forgotten his native language; but he stated that

notwithstanding he had done all in his power to subdue his savage appetite, he was twice a week seized with a rage for raw flesh, which his master satisfied by giving him an enormous lump of mutton, and if this was not done, he felt that he could not refrain from slaying and eating a woman or child. M. de Courcel says that the natural disposition of this animal was good; that his fidelity to his master was striking, and that he was not without intelligence; but in the slave markets of the East, where the race is not unknown, they are considered detestable.

## Southern Disunion Madness.

One editor of the *Charleston Mercury* has been put in a duelist's coffin—his successor should be put in a strait jacket or a halter. Just hear how the Buchanan nigger driver raves in the *Mercury* of the 15th:

"It is no longer a question, whether our fate as a slaveholder depends on the election of Fremont. No matter who is elected President, there can be little difference to us. The President is, now-a-days, a mere nose of wax in the hands of party—a Buchanan we will vote for, assuredly; but what black-and-blue supposes that Buchanan, or the Democratic party, or any party but ourselves, can do any thing to avert the issue? That must come! Disguise it by what subtlety you please, that must come! For you see, the simple question is, how far an enemy, having the power, and sworn to destroy our institutions will be likely to refrain when once they know that we are submissive? If our security is to rest upon the frail tenure, the forbearance of our enemies, there is an end of the whole subject, and an end of us as a free people! The solution is no longer a mystery. Elect whom you please! Clinge it as you please! Put Tom, Dick and Harry in whatever petty positions you please, it is all out! But if we are resigned to our New England task-masters, then it is high time to be up and doing! We are in the midst of revolution. Our section is doomed! We are doomed! Our only hope rests in our concentrated, united, determined resolution, not to be doomed, at all events, through the fornication of law, and the packed juries of our assailants. We have only to show our teeth—growing, not grinning—in downright earnestness, and with the resolve to use them, and we shall put a stop to all doom and danger! But, until we do this, the revolution work goes on, gets headway, and finally acquires such momentum, that Fate takes the matter in hand, and puts it out of the power of humanity to do anything! Do not bother about Fremont or Buchanan—do not waste yourselves upon Tom, Dick or Harry—all that you are vain things! Resolve only that these will not suffer impotence, and you will stop wrong. Had we only shown ourselves sufficiently resentful of the impotence, we should have checked the danger. It is not too late, though we are in the midst of a revolution. But we must organize: 1. our Committee of Safety; 2. our militia; 3. our resources of all sorts. Oh! for some valiant man to rise up, now in the South, and teach us the meaning of the word 'Revolution,' as it was understood by our fathers. Stamped paper, indeed! It is not the paper, but we ourselves that are now stamped! Tax on tax! Did our fathers fight about such a matter! Verily, we have submitted to taxation long enough, but never thought to fight for it! Labor and industry! Oh! surely, they never went into a war with Great Britain for the defence of labor and industry! We rather despise such things! Yet, these were offences which drove our fathers into Revolution. What will drive us? It is hard to say; for it is labor, capital, independence, pride, manhood, name, fame, reputation, all that is precious to humanity, upon which our present enemies now stamp! If there be no reason now for Revolution, what degree of wrong and robbery, scorn and kicking will constitute a reason? We do not say for a brave people, but for a people who have been so long submissive, that defiance and resentment to wrong seem no longer natural!"

How a Brilliant Joke was Damped off.

Not many mornings ago a Parisian author came across a brother quill on the Boulevard, buried in deep thought.

"What is troubling you?" he asked.

"I beg your pardon," said M—, "but I did not see you. I am preparing myself to let off a very good thing this evening at the *Chateau Rouge*—weather permitting."

"And do you always prepare your witty sayings beforehand?"

"Always—it's the surest way."

"And what is this you have on hand now?"

"Why, I will take my position all the evening near the fireworks, and to every lady that comes that way, I'll say—'Take care, madam, don't come here.' She, of course, will ask why, and then I'll answer, 'Because a spark from those eyes might explode the whole.' It's a pretty thing isn't it?"

"It is, indeed, and will no doubt, tell well—weather permitting," replied his friend, leaving him to complete